LVSVS MEDICI.

ODAE, LATINAE, ET ANGLICAE=

MVSARVM NVMERVM AEQVANTES,

GRATIAM STVDIOSE COLENTES.

I. DE LIBERTATE, ET FORTITVDINE.
II. DE INGENIO, ET IVCVNDITATE.
III. DE CHOREIS, ET FESTIVITATE.
IV. DE OTIO MEDENTIBVS DEBITO.
V. DE SENECTVTE.
VI. DE WILKESIO, ET LIBERTATE.
VII. DE SENSVVM, ET RATIONIS VSV.
VIII. DE BACCHO, ET VENERE.
IX. DE IVSTO, ET TENACI PROPOSITI VIRO.

ADIICIVNTVR EPIGRAMMATA,
DE INFIDELIBVS: DE SEIPSO: DE REVISORIBVS.

LVDENTE D. GVLIELMO BROWNE.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, NEC *non incidere ludum.* HOR.

So fond of *PLAY*, it gives not any ſhame,
Or, to begin, or *NOT* to end the game.

LONDINI,

SATVRNALIBVS MDCCLXX.
VENEVNT APVD OFFICINAM DODSLEIANAM,
IN VICO VOCATO, *PALL-MALL*,
SOLIDI SESQVIALTERIVS PRETIO.

Amico Edvardo Montagu, Arm. ab Auctore.

EPIGRAMMA,

Conſequens Diſputationem,

DE INFIDELIBVS.

Vt credant *Homines, en! Ignis et Vnda coïbunt!*

En! GADARENI ſunt, *Epicuri de grege porci!*
Daemone ſic acti, ut Flamma ſit inſtar Aquae!

EPIGRAM,

In conſequence of a Diſpute,

ON INFIDELS.

To teach Men *faith*, lo! Fire and Water join!

Lo! Epicurus' hogs *are clearly ſeen*
As Devil-driven, as thoſe of GADARENE!
As ſteep their road, their headlong pace the ſame:
Onely thoſe run to Water, theſe to Flame!

BRITISH MUSEUM

Baiis, Neptunaliis,
Nonas Novembris,
MDCCLXX.

EVPISTVS.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

POTIORE METALLIS LIBERTATE:

ET

OMNIA VINCENTE FORTITVDINE.

AD

EARVM VTRIVSQVE PATRONVM,

GVLIELMVM ILLVM PITTIVM,

OMNI ET TITVLO,
ET LAVDE MAIOREM
SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, E. A.
C. M. L. P. S. R. S.

Serviet aeternum QVI *parvo neſciat uti.*
Fortes creantur Fortibus, et Bonis. HOR.

Slavery is Gold miſunderſtood.
The Brave ſpring from the Brave, and Good.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

1.

O D E.

PITTIE O Felix Gvlielme, ſalve!
Quem *beat Caelo popularis aura!*
‘ *Liberam* quod Tu Patriam fateris
‘ *Nomine tantum:*

‘ *Omnia*, en! hîc dum *Pretio* parentur.
‘ Sicut et Romae memorat Poeta *
‘ Contigiſſe, hanc Luxuries ubi Altam
‘ Perderet Vrbem.

* Juvenalis, Sat. III. v. 183.

‘ Liberam

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E.

HAIL, Happy William Pitt, *O hail!*
Whom England's Voice can never fail
To bleſs! ‘ *That You the Truth proclame,*
‘ *And hold her* Freedom but a Name:

‘ *While here, lo!* All Things have their Price.
The Bard has ſung, This was Rome's Vice:
‘ *When, doom'd to ſo ſevere a Fate,*
‘ *Luxury cruſh'd that Glorious State.*

‘ *Indignant,*

'Liberam haud dignaris habere Gentem,
'Iura ubi, en! Chara exſtiterint Emenda,
'*Ipſa Libertas* ubi *Sacro* aperte
'*Venditur Auro.*'

Dum, tuo nos Auſpicio fruentes,
Perditum Luſu, Veterem Vigorem
Sumimus, non difficile eſt Superbos
Vincere Gallos.

Liberam

'*Indignant, You will never own*
'*That Nation Free, openly known,*
'*Dear Rights, lo! daily to ſee Sold,*
'*And* Freedom's ſelf truck'd for Dire Gold.'

While, by your Auſpicies ſuſtain'd,
Old England's Vigor we regain'd,
Long loſt in Idleneſs; the Proud,
Ambitious Gaul was ſoon ſubdu'd.

Thus,

Liberam Anglorum pariterque Famam,
Perditam Luxu, facile eſt reſumi;
Si modo et Te nos iterum fruamur
Auſpice fauſto.

Sic, videns vinctam Andromedam jacentem,
Tale Quam ſperat lacerare Monſtrum,
Magnus a morte Hanc rapere, et catenis,
Perſeüs audet.

Datur, Cantabrigiae, paulo ante Comitia,
In Solſtitio Aeſtivo fere Octogeſimo,
Junio in Teſtem vocato,

MDCCLXX.

FINIS.

Thus, We our Antient Freedom's Fame,
In Lux'ry loſt, might ſoon reclame;
Shou'd any lucky Chance remain,
Your happy Auſpices to gain.

So, laid faſt bound Andromeda,
Juſt ſuch a rav'nous Monſter's Prey,
Great Perſeus bravely dar'd to free,
And gave her Life, and Liberty.

Dated, Cambridge, juſt before the Commencement,
In almoſt the Eightieth Summer Solſtice,
June bearing Witneſs,

MDCCLXX.

END.

BRITISH 22.0C72 MUSEUM

ODE.

DE

INGENIO, ET IVCVNDITATE.

AD

LODOICUM AMICUM,

SACERDOTEM CANTIANVM,

INGENIOSISSIMVM, IVCVNDISSIMVM

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.
A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, E. A.
C. M. L. P. S. R. S.

Poſtera lux oritur multo gratiſſima: namque
Plotius, et Varius Sinueſſae, Virgiliuſque
Occurrunt; animae, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit, neque quîs me ſit devinctior alter.
O qui complexus, et gaudia quanta fuerunt!
Nil Ego contulerim jucundo ſanus Amico. HOR.

Next morning rays much moſt reſplendent ſhine:
For Plotius, Varius, and Virgil, join;
Such Souls, nor can the world produce more pure,
Nor can my Friendſhip ſtronger Ties procure.
O what embraces, what joys without end!
Nothing delights Me, like a chearful Friend.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

261

O D E.

CHARVS O ſemper Lodoicvs adſit!
Cujus inluſtre Ingenium miniſtrat
Dulce ridere, Hunc Comitem tenenti,
Dulce loquique.

Swifte, viciſti Ingenio Togatos,
Dedicans Doctis *Dolium jocoſum*,
Huicce, jam, nobis novius placenti
Cede Togato.

Cede,

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E.

O be dear Lewis *ever here!*
Whoſe Wit, and Jokes ſo bright appear,
That, who ſhall his Example take,
Muſt ſweetly laugh, *and* ſweetly ſpeak.

Swift, who excell'd, they all muſt own,
In Wit, his Brethren of the Gown,
With merry Tale of Tub, *muſt yield,*
And quit to this new Gown, the field.

Shandy

Cede, Shandaee, Huic alacrem Coronam,
Dum tuum vincit Genium, Iocoſque,
Dumque feſtivo magis Audientes
Faſcinat Ore.

Ridet, en! Fons hic medicantis undae!
Ridet, en! omne hoc ſimul Ambulacrum!
Dum ſuam, mirans, avida Loquelam
Arripit Aure!

Charus,

Shandy muſt yield his merry Crown
To Him, who now has overthrown
His Mirth; who with more Mirth appears
To faſcinate his Hearers Ears.

See! the Laugh glads th'health-giving Spring!
See! the Laugh makes the Walk to ring!
While all Attention Theſe employ,
His ſprightly Converſe to injoy!

Charus O ſemper LODOICUS adſit!
Abſque Quo, Fons hic medicantis undae,
Abſque Quo, totum hoc dolet Ambulacrum
Ore ſilenti!

Inter argutas ſalit Hic Puellas,
Hunc et argutae cupiunt Puellae,
Cui Comes, ridens Iocus, et Cupido
Fervidus adſtat.

Datur, Acidulis Tunbrigienſibus,
In Aeſtate fere Octogeſima,
Auguſto in Teſtem vocato,

MDCCLXX.

FINIS.

O be dear LEWIS *ever here!*
Without Whom, all things muſt appear
In Mourning, without Whom the Spring,
And Walk, with Mirth no more ſhall ring!

With witty Nymphs He loves to walk,
Witty Nymphs love to hear Him talk,
While, to ſupply his merry Vein,
Cupid, and Wit attend his Train.

Dated, at Tunbridge Medical Springs,
In almoſt the Eightieth Summer,
Auguſt bearing Witneſs,

MDCCLXX.

E N D.

BRITISH MUSEUM 22.0072

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

CHOREIS, ET FESTIVITATE.

AD

NOBILISSIMVM DVCEM L—DENSEM,
DIEM WALLIAE PRINCIPIS NATALEM,
ACIDVLIS TVNBRIGIENSIBVS,
CELEBRANTEM
SCRIPTA.

A THEOLOGO FESTIVO, D. GEORGIO LEWIS.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE.

Feſto quid potius die
L— denſis *faciam?*—
Vates *choreis aptior et jocis*
Ludoque dictus.—
Nunc eſt bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulſanda tellus.— HOR.

What can I better, than—diſplay,
The joys of *L—ds's* Feſtal Day?—
What better can a *Muſe* advance,
Fit only for Play, Jeſt, and Dance?—
Now, joyful ſhare *His Grace's Treat:*
Now, beat the Ground with Freeeſt Feet.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

O D E.

CVR Puellarum cupis intereſſe
Me Choris, heu! Me male claudicantem?
At ſequar Fontis Duce Te Puellas
Stans Pede in Vno.

Interim Nymphas, Iuveneſque Hu—TUS
Fac tuus, Geſtu Gravis, ad Choreas
Convocet: Quis non Grege tam Nitenti
Paſtor *Ovaret?*

Adſit

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E.

WHY does YOUR GRACE *my preſence clame,*
In the Nymphs Dances, who am lame?
But YOUR GRACE *leads, and I'll advance,*
And hop with One Foot, *tho' not dance.*

Mean time make HEW—T, *with Grave Face,*
Proclame to Nymphs, and Swains the place:
What Shepherd wou'd not take the Care,
With Rapture, *of a Flock ſo Fair?*

Be

Adſit, heu! Sponſo viduata Sw—TON,
Ore puro, *Munditiiſque Simplex*:
Ne nimis raptos ſibi *Turturella*
Fleret Amores.

Adſit Inceſſu TOMACINA Divae,
Induat Riſus: Oculis refulgens
Diſſipet Famae nebulas malignae
Conſcia Virtus.

Tuque —— montana Nive Cui Papillae
Purius turgent; cute molliori
Aemulans *Talpas*, ideoque TALPAE
Nomine digna.

Si

Be charming Widow Sw—TON *there*,
With pureſt Look, and Artleſs Air:
Leſt Turturella, *left alone*,
Her loſt Mate ſhou'd too much bemoan.

Let T—KINS, *with her Goddeſs-Pace*,
And pleaſing Smiles, adorn the Place:
While Conſcious Virtue, in her Eyes,
Malice outſhines, and Fame deſies.

Thou too ——*whoſe ſwelling Breaſts outdo*
The Whiteneſs of the mountain Snow;
Whoſe Skin can greater Softneſs clame,
Than that of MOLES, *which gave Thy Name.*

Cou'd

Si mihi centum tribuantur Ora,
Si pares Linguae, recitare noſtra
Singulas Dotes nequeat Venuſtae
Muſa Coronae.

Tu potens Plectri, Salis, et Leporum
Fvsce mî, quem *non minuit Senectus*,
Huc ades, Feſtum jubet, et ſalutat
Nobilis Osborne!

Quiſque Te laetus, Bone Dvx, ſequetur
Quo vocas, Nymphae, Iuvenes, Seneſque:
Et lubens Summos *Nihil Arroganti*
Solvet Honores.

FINIS.

Cou'd I a hundred Mouths obtain,
A hundred Tongues wou'd try in vain,
The ſeveral Beauties to explane
Of this moſt amiable Train.

O Browne, *my Friend, who art poſſeſs'd*
Of Verſe, of Wit, of pleaſing Jeſt,
Whom Old-age hurts not, *Let us join,*
'Tis Noble Osborne *clames the Nine.*

Moſt Gracious Duke, *glad at Your Call,*
Wait Nymphs, and Swains, Young, Old, and All:
And Greateſt Honors ſhall be ſhewn,
Becauſe Your Grace lays Clame to None.

END.

BRITISH 22.0672 MUSEUM

ERRATUM. In Ode, Ad Lodoicvm.
Pag. 3. lin. 1. Pro Shandaee, Lege Shandeie.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

OTIO MEDENTIBVS DEBITO.

AD

MOYSAEVM AMICVM,

MEDICVM BATHONIAE

DOCTISSIMVM, HVMANISSIMVM

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, EQVITE AVRATO,

COLLEGII MEDICORVM LONDINENSIS PATRE,

SOCIETATIS REGIAE SOCIO.

Frui paratis, et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et, precor, integra
Cum mente: nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec citharâ carentem. HOR.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

IV.

O D E.

REDDE Moyſaeum Medicum precanti,
Muſa, mî, tantum ut Genium tenerem
Brachiis charum, hunc alacrisque amico
Adloquar ore.

Dulcis Aegrotis, nimium ſalutem
Negligis gnavus propriam: ſed audi,
Hoc Pater nolit, *neque ſemper arcum*
Tendit Apollo.

Artis haud noſtrae eſt opus, ut vocemur
Omnibus morbis: quoniam Medenti
Praemium cuncto foret hoc iniquum,
Mors mihi Lucrum.

Omnis

O D E.

MOYSEY, Apollo's fav'rite Son,
Grant, Muſe, he to my arms may run,
That I ſuch Genius may embrace,
In friendly converſe, face to face.

To gain your Patients fond reſpect,
Too much your own health you neglect:
But from your Sire, this leſſon know,
Phoebus not always bends his bow.

Our Art wou'd know no hour of eaſe,
Were we call'd in to ev'ry caſe:
Too hard it were, all muſt agree,
That Death ſhou'd prove the Doctor's Fee!

'Tis

Omnis Aegrotis Medicantis hora
Nempe concedi haud poterit: ſuum quod,
En! *Caput circumſaliunt* ſequenda
Cetera centum!

Uxor, et Nati officium benigni
Poſtulant, primo, Patris, et Mariti;
Nec parum curae petit, ac opellae,
Dulcis Amicus.

Iugera et quot vis emere, en! oportet,
Cuncta quo vadant melius: memento
Attamen Libri, prae aliiſque chari,
Vatis Horati.

Tutus,

'Tis not in a Phyſician's pow'r,
To ſpend with Patients ev'ry hour:
For, lo! around his thoughtful Head,
A hundred Cares will intercede!

A Wife, and Children, firſt, require
Fondneſs of Huſband, and of Sire:
Nor can I much leſs recommend
The pleaſing office of a Friend.

By purchaſing a good Eſtate,
All things procede at better rate:
But the Book gives moſt conſtant call,
And deareſt Horace, *firſt of all.*

Safe,

Tutus, his armis, Mediocritatem
Diliges: ut Qui *caret obſoleti*
Sordibus Tecti, caret et nitentis
Sordibus *Aulae.*

Diliget Te hanc qui ſequeretur Artem;
Diliget Te omnis, cupiens Amicum;
Diliget Te jam Medicum omnis Aeger
Bathonienſem.

In ſchola alma Democriti, ac Horatî,
Hanc Eques Fuſcus tibi ſcripſit Oden:
Qui, per Autumnum, Medicans et Ipſe eſt
Bathonienſis.

Datur, Acidulis Bathonienſibus,
In Autumno fere Octogeſimo,
Poſt Divi Lucae Feſtum Londinenſe.

MDCCLXX.

FINIS.

Safe, by theſe arms, the Golden Mean
You'll love: *as He, whoſe hands are clean,*
Not onely from Low Cottage Dirt,
But That too of a Splendid Court.

Belov'd You'll be, by all our Art;
Belov'd, by all, on Friendſhip's part;
Belov'd, by all, who Ills endure,
And here at Bath attend for Cure.

Democritus, and Horace rule
The pleaſant and inſtructive ſchool,
Where Knight Browne wrote this Ode: who now,
Is, an Autumnal, Bath Phyſician too.

Dated, at Bath Medical Springs,
In almoſt the Eightieth Autumn,
After Saint Luke's London Feaſt.

MDCCLXX.

END.

BRITISH MUSEUM 22.c.72

ODE.

DE

SENECTVTE.

AD

AMICVM D. ROGERVM LONG,

APVD CANTABRIGIENSES,
AVLAE CVSTODEM PEMBROKIANAE,
THEOLOGVM, ASTRONOMVM,
DOCTISSIMVM, IVCVNDISSIMVM,
ANNVM NONAGESIMVM AGENTEM
SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.
AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,
ANNVM AGENTE FERE OCTOGESIMVM

Frui paratis, et valido mihi,
Latoë, dones, et, precor, integra
Cum mente: nec turpem ſenectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem. HOR.

Grant, Phoebus, to injoy my Fees,
With Body ſound, and Mind at eaſe:
An Old-age, ſuch as I deſire,
Nor Joyleſs, nor without a Lyre.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

V.

O D E.

FELIX Senectvs, cui Sapientiam
Debemus hanc, quam *quaerimus invidi*:
Quis te recuſaret propinquam,
Et tumulum potius rogaret?

* *Sphaerae* Senectus eſt ſimilis tuae:
In quam Studentes venimus inſcii,
Brevi ſedentes, et notantes,
Sidera cuncta docere gnari.

Docet Senectus; Quae facimus Viri,
Utcumque docti, *En! Omnia Vanitas!*
Exinde Caelum optans beatum,
Spernit humum fugiente penna.

Ridet

O D E.

HAPPY Old-Age, *to whom we owe*
All that the ſearching Mind *can know*:
Who would not wiſh, for Thee to come,
In preference to the ſilent Tomb?

Old-age is like your curious * Sphaere:
Ignorant Students enter here,
Soon, while they ſit, and notice take,
With ev'ry Star acquaintance make.

Old Men by long Experience ſee,
All our Acts, here, are Vanity!
Therefore on Heav'n their hopes they found,
And fly with ſcorn, this Fairy-Ground.

* A concave Caeleſtial Sphaere, large enough to ſit in, for his Aſtronomical Pupils.

It

Ridet Senectus, dum videt aemulos
Tanta petentes ſolicitudine
Fortuna Quae dat, cum mutatae
Tam celeres quatiantur alae.

Stultum videtur, Judice Tullio,
Magnam Senes portare Pecuniam:
Cum Paululum reſtet Viarum,
Anne Viatico opus ſit Amplo?

Nodo ſed iſti *non opus Oedipo*,
Levi quidem conamine ſolvitur:
Cum nil Senes quaerant emendum,
In loculis Pretium manebit.

Hujus ſed Vſum quaere Pecuniae?
Hîc Vſus eſt, *Incommoda ſuppleat:*
Aetate Quem ſpernunt, onuſtum
Sat cito proſequerentur Auro.

Aurum

It makes Old-age with pleaſure ſmile,
To ſee how anxiouſly Men toil,
For Fortune's Gifts, which rarely ſtay,
But fly with rapid Wings away.

TULLY eſteems it moſt abſurd,
That Old Men ſhou'd with Wealth be ſtor'd:
To journey's end when come ſo near,
A Trifle will their Charges bear.

But to untie this doubty Knot,
An Oedipus is needed not:
Since Old Men nothing want to buy,
Safe, in the purſe, the Price muſt lie.

But *What Uſe from this wealth can riſe?*
Why this, It ev'ry Want ſupplies:
If you're deſpis'd, for being Old,
You'll ſoon be worſhip'd, for your Gold.

Gold

Aurum potens eſt Omnia Reddere!
Scriptura narrans creditur Omnibus:
Si Dives es, Omne es; vetuſtum hoc,
Continet Arca Iovem potentem.

Nobis Senectus diſſimili modo
Colenda: Nos fiamus *Amabiles*,
Vt Gaudiis noſtris *Amemur*,
Laetitiaque beemur Omnes.

Senex nimis quis diſcere creditur?
Tanto pateſcat cum Sapientia:
Campo hoc patenti ſagaces,
Perpetuo Leporem ſequemur.

Si ſumat iſthaec Conſilium meum,
Morbum * *Senectam* Fabula ne vocet:
Medela cum ſiat Malorum,
Stultitae, Vitiique Mentis.

* Terentii Phormio, Act. IV. Sc. 1. v. 9.

FINIS.

Gold anſwers All Things! *Scripture ſays*;
A Text much follow'd in our Days:
If Rich, you're All; *'tis the old Teſt*,
You find a Jove, in ev'ry Cheſt.

Be our Age differently approv'd,
Be Amiable to be Belov'd:
With All, this juſt Remark will hold,
Mirth, and Goodnature ne'er grow Old.

To Learn, what Man can be too Old?
Science no Boundaries can hold:
In this wide Field, we Sportſmen *are*,
And ev'ry Day will ſtart a Hare.

The * Fable, *if my Thought might pleaſe*,
Shou'd not call Old-age a Diſeaſe:
Since 'tis a Cure for Ills, *we find*,
For Vice, and Folly of the Mind.

END.

BRITISH 22.0072 MUSEUM

ERRATUM, In Ode Ad Moysaevm. Pro Moysaevm lege Moyseivm.

ODE.

DE

WILKESIO, ET LIBERTATE.

AD

DOCTOREM THOMAM WILSON,
THEOLOGVM DOCTISSIMVM,
LIBERRIMVM,
TAM MVTVI AMICI,

WILKESII,

AMICVM, QVAM SVVM
SCRIPTA,

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA,
A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE, E. A.
C. M. L. P. S. R. S.

Vtrumque noſtrum incredibili modo
Conſentit Aſtrum. ———
Ad Wilkeſium. *Te Jovis impio*
Tutela Saturno refulgens
Eripuit, volucriſque Fati
Tardavit alas: cum Populus frequens
Laetum Theatris ter crepuit Sonum. HOR.

Our Stars in wond'rous concord join:
Both with the Rays of Freedom ſhine.
To Wilkes. Thee Pr——t's refulgent Light
Sav'd happily from M——'s Spite,
And clipt the Wings of Headſtrong Might:
While Liberty decides thy Cauſe,
Thrice all True Engliſh ſhout Applauſe.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.

VI.

ODE.

VIDES, ut ipſa candidior nive
Stet, dum niteſcat Wilkeſius magis,
Carbone quo pravi notatum
Durius Hunc agitant Miniſtri.

Reus ſit omnis Criminis horridi,
Reus ſit omnis quod vetuit Deus,
Hunc Laeſa Majeſtas reum det,
Quid poterit tolerare pejus?

Vides, ut aequae, conſilio inprobo,
Leges recedant artibus et ſuis;
Scriptoque, cui ficta eſt poteſtas,
Rupta ſit et Domus, Arca et omnis.

Noctu, quieto Hic deripitur toro,
Secreta cernens omnia vi fera
Deducta, aperte jam legenda;
Carcere clauditur Ipſe Turri.

Nec charta Clauſo, nec calamus datur;
Hunc et negatur viſere Nobilis
Patronus, et Iuriſperitus,
Qui moneat, teneatque Cauſam.

Scripto

BRITISH MUSEUM

ODE.

YOU ſee, how Wilkes ſtands white as ſnow,
Having been made more bright to grow,
The more bad Miniſters take pains,
To blacken Him with deepeſt Stains.

Guilty of worſt Crimes had He been,
Guilty of each forbidden Sin,
Guilty of Treaſon to the State,
How cou'd He meet a harder Fate?

You ſee the Laws, made to defend,
By baſe arts, turn'd to cruſh our Friend:
Fit Tools, of ſpurious Writ poſſeſs'd,
Break ope his Houſe, break ope each Cheſt.

By night, torn from his quiet bed,
His Secrets vilely robb'd, and read,
Himſelf committed to the Tow'r;
What cou'd a Traitor ſuffer more?

Here pen, ink, paper are forbid;
His Noble Patron is denied
To viſit Him, his Counſil too,
His Client, or his Cauſe to view.

The

Scripto petito *Corpus Habebitur*,
Vt Cauſa Clauſi Iudice candido
Pendatur: ecce! autem ſiniſtra
Inritum id inveniatur Arte!

Tandem perito Iudice ſiſtitur
Coram, *Salutis Vindice Publicae*;
Qui, Liberum Hunc dicens habendum,
Carcere Liberat Innocentem.

Sed ſcribit, ardens indice libero,
Monetque abuti hunc Pectore Regio;
'*Mendax quod auderet Miniſter*
'*Dicere, Principis Ore, falſum.*'

En! Charta, *Quadrageſima* quae datur
Et *Quinta:* certum ſi *Numerum* petas,
Vbique nunc ſcriptum notabis,
Perpetuamque iterare Vocem!

'*Mentiri at hoc eſt dicere Principem:*'
Id Iudice edente ore graviſſimo,
'Iam Poena Famoſi Libelli
'Carcere cum Pretio luenda.'

Mentitur Is, qui decipit Alterum:
Mentitur haud, mendacia non ſua
Dicens, reo fidens Miniſtro,
Compoſuit qui ea mente prava.

Sed

The Habeas Corpus *Writ, which lays*
Before a Judge the Pris'ner's Caſe,
Lo! by moſt baſe, ſiniſter courſe,
Was here depriv'd of all its force.

Another, at the laſt, took place,
And brought before a Judge his Caſe:
Who, ſtrictly guarding Liberty,
Spite of Crown-Lawyers, ſet Him Free.

But He writes, with a Patriot's Zele,
Which all True Engliſhmen muſt feel;
'That B—— dar'd, thro' his Maſter's Mouth,
'To ſpeak a Fact, which was not Truth.'

Lo! The Account, He meant to give,
Is mark'd with Number Forty-Five:
Which now is noted, as you paſs,
By ev'ry Voice, and ev'ry Place!

A Judge, to whom Courtiers apply'd,
Said, 'That This told the——He ly'd:'
'*Therefore, within the Libel's line,*
'*Requir'd Impriſonment, and Fine.*'

He onely Lyes, who means De eit:
Not He, who faultleſs ſhall repete
Another's Lye, whoſe faith depends
On him, who made it for vile ends.

Eat,

249

Sed ſicut, Igne Aurum violentius
Tortum reſurgit Purius admodum:
Sic, igneis Poenis reſiſtens,
Wilkeſius magis Eniteſcit.

Hunc Liber Orbem dum peragraverit,
Exempla iniqua, heu! quam facile eſt ſequi!
Clauſus ſui tandem Magiſter,
Se ſtudio facili repurgat.

Lex perſequetur Crimina peſſima,
Nec Durum habetur, quod meritum eſt, pati:
Illi quid autem hi dicerent, Quem
Lege negante perire vellent?

De Libero Omni *Fabula dicitur*;
Dum Quiſque poſſit Talia perpeti:
Ni Rege pravos hos vetante,
Praecipiti amoveantur hora.

Tunc jungite Omnes Foedere Publico,
* Iura Hunc tuentem, Wilkeſium ſequi:
Vt Pura Libertas Niteſcat,
Nec Pretium vetet, aut Poteſtas.

Hanc cede: *Diveſne* ortus *ab Inacho,*
Nil intereſt, an Pauper, et infima
De gente ſub divo moreris,
Victima nil miſerantis Aulae.

* Bill of Rights.

Datur, Anno Libertatis Wilkeſio Reſtitutae.
MDCCLXX.

F I N I S.

But as, Gold fierceſt Fire defies,
From thence much Purer ſure to riſe:
So, Wilkes his Firy Trials bears,
And onely Brighter ſtill appears.

While Free this wicked World He ſaw,
How ſtrongly bad Examples draw!
Priſon the Man his Maſter makes,
Soon ſerious Thought reforms Miſtakes.

The Laws the blackeſt Crimes perſue,
Nor is That Hard, which They make Due:
But what can theſe ſay, in his Cauſe,
Whom they perſu'd, in ſpite of Laws?

Of Each Free Man the Tale is told;
Since, with Each, This Hard Caſe may hold:
Unleſs the —— bad Men from Pow'r
Wou'd drive away, this very hour.

BRITISH 22.OCT72 MUSEUM

Rights then to Hold, moſt Glorious Ends,
Let all Men join, as Wilkes's Friends:
That Liberty may Shine moſt Bright,
Nor ſtain'd by Money, nor by Might.

Once give up This: it matters not,
If Rich, or Poor, ſhou'd be your Lot,
Each doom'd alike to be the Sport,
And Victim of a Tyrant *Court.*

Dated, the Year of Wilkes's Liberty Reſtored.
MDCCLXX.

E N D.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

SENSVVM ET RATIONIS VSV,

AD

PERILLVSTREM COMITEM DE C—FIELD,

INGENII ET POSSESSOREM, ET PATRONVM,

AVDITV MINVS FACILI LABORANTEM

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,

Ad ſummam, Sapiens uno minor eſt Jove, dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex demique regum;
Præcipue ſanus, niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt. HOR.

In ſhort, He to whom Wiſdom's giv'n
Injoys a Bleſſing next to Heav'n:
Including Wealth, Freedom, Renown,
Beauty, and of all Crowns the Crown;
Health too, unleſs *the Noſe ſhou'd run.*

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.
VII.

O D E.

BEATE COMES, Suavia Cui Ora ſunt,
Iocuſque Cujus faſcinat Optimos :
Non de Malo Ipſi jam liceat queri,
Felix qui Bona ſumma habes.

* *Virtus, repulſae neſcia ſordidae,*
Intaminatis fulget Honoribus :
Ex Ore rumpens Eloquium fluit,
Vel Torrente valentius.

* Ex Horatii Ode II. L. III.

Te

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E.

BLEST EARL, whoſe Look ſuch Sweetneſs bears,
Whoſe Jokes charm the politeſt Ears :
Of Ill You cann't Complaint expreſs,
Who, happy, Greateſt Goods poſſeſs.

* Virtue, that nothing can diſgrace,
Shines, incorrupt, with Nobleſt Rays :
Eloquence, that no Limit knows,
Breaks out, and like a Torrent flows.

The

Te Quinque vivax unio Senſuum
Beavit, aetas dum viridis fuit,
Tam Semine amplo, ut Mens tua fertilis
Meſſem perpetuam ferat.

Ducente pulchra Virgine Lumina,
Ductis ab ictu ac Ingenii Auribus,
Ductiſque Tactu, Guſtu, et Odoribus
Dulci, es *Servulus* his Volens.

Magis ſed iſthoc Magnificum ſonat;
Dum tantus Intellectus apertus eſt
Tibi, ſuum jam Vera Scientia
Jactans conſtituit Te *Herum*.

Ne

The Senſes, to your Youth have ſhewn
Such Favour, and ſuch Seed have ſown;
That your Mind, a moſt fertile Field,
May a perpetual Harveſt yield.

While Virgin Charms attract your Sight,
While ſtrokes of Wit your Ears delight,
While Touch, Taſte, Smell their Sweetneſs have,
To Theſe you bow, a Willing Slave.

But what muſt ſtill more Nobly ſound;
In You ſuch Intellect is found,
That Science, with true Wiſdom ſtor'd,
Proudly ſelects You for her Lord.

No

Ne quid Mali ergo Auditus erit tuus,
Nos quod Loquentes durius audias:
Audire Nos cum non opus eſt Tibi,
Nobis, en! Te opus eſt Loqui!

Dum Pavo caudam ſtelliferam gerat,
Ejuſque tanto Forma ſuperbiat;
Laudatus hic vix eſſet ab omnibus,
Vocem qui roget aut Pedes.

Datur, Acidulis Bathonienſibus,
Calendis Novembris,

MDCCLXX.

FINIS.

BRITISH 22.OCT72 MUSEUM

No Damage therefore can appear,
That Us You difficultly hear:
Since to hear Us no Want can make,
Lo! the Want's Ours to have You Speak!

While Peacock ſpreads his ſtarry Train,
Proud in his utmoſt Form to reign;
He ſcarce wou'd with ſuch Praiſes meet,
Shou'd he once aſk for Voice, or Feet.

Dated, at Bath medical Springs,
November 1,

MDCCLXX.

END.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA:

ODE.

DE

BACCHO, ET VENERE.

AD

VIRVM VERE EXCELLENTEM,

IOHANNEM HEDGES, ARM.

APVD

AVGVSTAM RVSSIAE IMPERATRICEM,

MINISTRVM BRITANNICVM

SCRIPTA.

AB AMICO, NOELIO BROXOLME,

COLLEGII MEDICORVM LONDINENSIS SOCIO.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

AB AMICO, D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,

Vultis ſeveri me quoque ſumere
Partem Falerni? Dicat Opuntiae
Frater Megillae, quo beatus
Vulnere, qua pereat ſagitta. HOR.

Wou'd you tempt me, to take my Glaſs?
Then, let each toaſt his fav'rite Laſs:
Nor ſcruple freely to declare
The name of his heart-wounding Fair.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.
VIII.

285

O D E.

QVALI inquietus ſollicitudine
Expectat hora compoſita Puer
Promiſſam Amicam, quam paravit
Diva parens Venerum * Mathaea;

Laetos odores ſumere negligens
Theae virentis, quotquot eant rotae
Attendit, atque omnis aurem
Arrigit ad ſonitum flagelli.

Sic, Te remotum quaerimus anxii,
Te mane ſicci, Te madidi diem
Condente Phoebo, cum bibantur
Ad memores cyathos Amici.

O D E.

AS, when a Youth, in Love's ſpring-tide,
*To * Mother Mathews has apply'd,*
Who, at his hour, her word will paſs,
To ſend him home a charming Laſs;

He longs this promis'd Fair to ſee,
Neglects his fragrant fav'rite Tea,
His Ears arrect with pleaſure feel
The ſound of ev'ry whip and wheel.

So, We with like impatience burn,
From diſtant Climes, for your Return;
Both in the Morning, when we're dry,
And Night, when Toaſts the glaſſes ply.

* A noted Bawd.

Utcumque quaſſas ſaeviat in rates,
Adducat Eurus Te modo ſoſpitem,
Te dulce Pondus, Te tuorum
Delicias, Patriaeque Curam.

Te nare *Spenceus* conſpicua rogat,
Te *Vaughnus* ingens, Iuſtitiae Decus,
Et Pacis Auctor, deſtinatum
In reditum Tibi paſcit hircum.

Quando recepto tecum iterum queas
Inſanienti fervere Gaudio;
Longamque, * Iephſono ferente
Pocula, continuare noctem?

O quando riſus inter et otia,
Licebit ignes dicere mutuas?
Dum Tu quid Arctous Cupido,
Et gelido Cytherea caelo
Poſſit;

Howe'er the bluſt'ring Eaſt may roar,
And threaten Shipwreck ev'ry hour;
Give but Thee ſafe, and we're content,
Our, and our Country's Ornament.

Thee Spence *requires, renown'd for noſe,*
Thee hogſhead Vaughan, *whom Juſtice ſhews*
And Peace, who, for a Victim, feeds
A Goat, that on thy Landing bleeds.

When ſhall We Thee again embrace,
When, in mad Pleaſure, wilt Thou paſs
The lengthen'd night, while * Jephſon *eyes*
The ſhrinking Flaſks, for freſh ſupplies?

O when ſhall Mirth and Eaſe avail,
For Each to tell his amorous Tale?
While Thou ſhalt ſay, in Northern air,
How Cupid, *and how* Venus *fare:*

* A noted Vintner.

How

Poſſit; quid auſae Teutonicae Nurus
Contra Britannûm fortia pectora
Narrabis, expertus volentes,
Et faciles ſine Peſte Nymphas.

Diſces viciſſim quidquid habet novi
Nativa Tellus: quae nituit Choris
Decora Virgo, quaeque palmam
Tunbrigiis, meruitve Baiis.

Sic, lene tormentum Ingenio damus,
Dum magna Magnis ſponte relinquimus:
Tenente TOWNSHENDO *invidendum*
Rerum Onus, Imperiique Molem.

BRITISH 22.0072 MUSEUM

FINIS.

How Ruſſian young Wives can deny,
When a brave Briton ſhall apply:
Thou, who careſſeſt willing Fairs,
Without the dread of Gallic wares.

We, in return, ſhall let Thee know,
Whate'er our Country has that's New:
In the delightful Dance, what Toaſt
At Bath, or Tunbridge, charm'd the moſt.

Such gentle Trials ſuit our Wit,
Great things we leave, the Great to fit:
Let *TOWNSHEND*, who can bear its Weight,
Be ſtill the *Atlas* of the State.

END.

Erratum, In Ode ad Comitem de C—FIELD.
Pag. 4. lin. 1. *Pro* Ne quid *lege* Nihil.

APPENDIX AD OPVSCVLA.

ODE.

DE

IVSTO, ET TENACI PROPOSITI VIRO.

AD

PERILLVSTREM BARONEM DE C—DEN,

VIRTVTIS VERAE CVSTODEM,

RIGIDVMQVE SATELLITEM,

SCRIPTA.

ADIECTA VERSIONE ANGLICA.

A D. GVLIELMO BROWNE,

Iuſtum, et tenacem propoſiti virum
Non voltus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida.— HOR.

The man juſt, and reſolv'd, ſecure
Defies all threats of tyrant pow'r.

LONDINI,
MDCCLXX.
IX.

O D E.

C—DENE, Iuris dignior Anglici
Nuper Satelles, dum Tibi Regius
Favor niteret, Te remoto,
Solliciti lacrymamur omnes!

Te Fama magno nomine Iudicem
Miratur: aequa quod ſoleas manu,
Numquam Poteſtatem timente,
Iuſtitiae retinere Lances.

Quando haec habetur Quaeſtio maxima:
Utrum vocetur Libera Gens tua?
Deſideratam Tu dediſti,
Pro Patria trepidante Vocem.

BRITISH MUSEUM

O D E.

C—DEN, whom we ſo lately ſaw
Moſt worthy, at the head of Law,
While Royal Grace your Merits meet,
Anxious we weep for your Retreat!

Your Judgment gain'd the greateſt Name,
With wonder ſignalis'd by Fame:
That you, by Power uncontroll'd,
Juſtice's aequal Scales wou'd hold.

When greateſt Quaeſtion came to be:
Whether to call your Nation Free?
You the much wanted Anſwer gave,
Your trembling Country's Rights to ſave.

Hoc ſi Tibi pro Crimine dicitur,
Heu! quantus eſſet Iuſtitiae pudor!
Ut Crimen id falſo putetur,
Gloria quod meritum eſt haberi!

Sed quid Miniſtro Principis inſcio,
Qui Te removit, contigerit Lucri?
Exoſus Ipſe ut ſit, Beatum ut
Te faciat *popularis aura!*

* *Duris ut Ilex tonſa bipennibus,*
Nigrae feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per caedes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

* Ex Horatii Ode IV. L. IV.

Datur, Acidulis Bathonienſibus,
Feſto Pulveri Pyrii detecti.

MDCCLXX.

If this, in You, a Crime be nam'd,
O how muſt Juſtice be aſham'd!
That this a Crime is falſely deem'd,
Which ſhou'd your Glory be eſteem'd!!

But, by removing You, what Gain
Cou'd this wiſe *Miniſter obtain?*
Only to find Himſelf abhorr'd,
And You by all the world ador'd!

* Thus, the malignant Axe, that ſtrove
To lop the beſt Head in the Grove,
So little hurt the noble Oak,
He drew freſh ſtrength from ev'ry ſtroke.

Dated, at Bath medical ſprings,
On Gun-Powder Feſtival,

MDCCLXX.

EPIGRAMMA, Bathoniae ſcriptum, DE SEIPSO.

Dominus GVLIELMVS BROWNE, Medicinae Doctor, nunc Luſor.

Quinquaginta annos, nunc, paſſus in Arte Laboris,
Vult, ut ſit Luſus, nullus in Arte Labor.
Sic tamen ut ludat, ne Aegroti dicere poſſint:
'*Mors erit id nobis, quod tibi Luſus erit!*'

EPIGRAM, written at Bath, ON HIMSELF.

Sir WILLIAM BROWNE, Doctor, now Player in Phyſic.

For half a Century, his Eaſe
W'as ſacrifis'd, to gather Fees.
He, now, takes quite a diff'rent Aim,
To play with Phyſic, as a Game.
But ſo play, that no Sick ſay thus:
'What's Play to you, is Death to us!'

BRITISH 22.0071 MUSEUM

EPIGRAMMA, DE REVISORIBVS.

Laus Cenſura Reviſorum eſt, Cenſuraque Laus eſt:
Hos legito Inverſe, ut Saga locuta Preces.

A Word, and a Blow, and a Salve,
TO MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

Such are the ſad Reviewers of our days;
Their Praiſe is Cenſure, and their Cenſure Praiſe.
The true Senſe of each Criticiſm of theirs
Is backwards read: as Witches ſay their Pray'rs.

Nota bene. *Theſe* Pſeudo-Critics *were whipt, pilloried, and branded, both by SHANDY, and by CHURCHILL: yet have the* Northern *hardineſs, to expoſe their* ſcarified Backs, *their* cropt Ears, *and the Capital Letter* B, burnt on their Foreheads.

Icti Piſcatores *Sapiunt:* ſed non *Reviſores.*
Fiſhermen ſtruck become the wiſer:
But ſtripes mend no Monthly Reviſor.
—But let this ſtarving Crew my Pity meet!
Poor, hungry Souls! They onely print to eat!
And yet, alas! go to their ſev'ral beds,
With bellies *juſt as empty, as their* heads!
Vivite, Valete, ſeroque ſaltem, *cum Phrygibus, Sapite.*
Live, and let Phyſic Health adviſe,
And late at leaſt, with Troy, be Wiſe.

Datur, Saturnalibus, *Dated, Chriſtmas Holidays. MDCCLXX.*